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KREEMER™



One
OF 6

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SKREEMER

Created by Peter Milligan & Brett Ewins

part one "Souls to the Devil"

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SKREEMER 1

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MY FAMILY NAME IS **FINNEGAN**. MY FOREBEARS SURVIVED, SOMEHOW, OR I WOULDN'T BE HERE NOW. WE ARE THE ONES WHO GOT THIS FAR.

I WAS BORN IN AN AGE CALLED **THE REBUILDING**. THIS IS THE STORY OF THE AGE THAT PRECEDED IT, THE AGE OF THE **GIANT**.

AND THE GREATEST GIANT OF ALL WAS THE ONE CALLED **VETO SKREEMER**, BORN THE DAY THE AGE WAS BORN.

THE AGE IS BEGINNING TO CRY. A MAN CALLED **DUTCH AMSTERDAM** IS CRYING WITH IT. HE NO LONGER HAS A FACE.

YE...
VE...

HE DIMLY PERCEIVES A FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY. HE CAN BARELY OPEN THE ONE EYE THEY LEFT HIM...

VE...TO...

YET ONLY TWO DAYS EARLIER...

VETO, ASK ANYONE. WE'RE ALONE. END OF ERA. END OF STORY.

WE'RE FINISHED.

WE'RE DEAD.

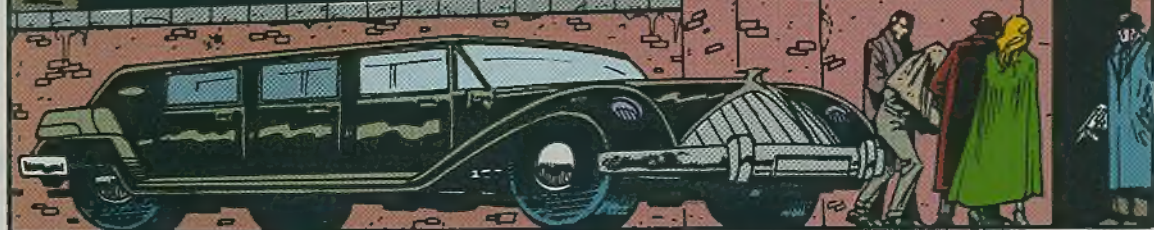
AFTER THE FALL THE COUNTRY WAS RUN BY MANY PRESIDENTS, HELD ALOFT BY THE VIOLENCE OF THEIR GANGS AND THE VIRULENCE OF THE AGE.

IT IS NOW THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL. THIRTY EIGHT YEARS INTO THE AGE OF THE GIANT...

IT WAS THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL...

DUTCH AMSTERDAM MUST HAVE STILL BEEN CONSCIOUS WHEN THEY CARRIED HIM FROM THE CAR INTO THE BUILDING.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE BIGGEST THIRTY GANGS OF AMERICA KNEW THE OLD AGE WAS CHANGING, AND KNEW THEY HAD TO CHANGE WITH IT.



DUTCH SWALLOWED BLOOD AND BROKEN TEETH AND THOUGHT ABOUT VETO SKREEMER.

"OKAY," VETO HAD SAID.

HE COULDN'T FIGHT CHANGE. COULDN'T STOP THE WHEEL OF DEATH AND REBIRTH.



"ARRANGE A MEETING", HE'D SAID.



mgmm...
VIC...
VICKY...
PLEASE...

"ARRANGE A MEETING".

"WITH THE MAJOR PRESIDENTS".

THIS IS VICTORIA, DUTCH. PLEASE. I DON'T WANT THIS. HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT YOU. HE NEVER CARED ABOUT ANY OF US.



TELL ME...

IT WAS THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL.



OH...GOD. WE...
W-WE MADE IT. PULL...
PULL THE ROPE UP...

IT'S...IT'S UP...
HAH HAH... ISN'T UP!

TODAY, FIFTEEN PRESIDENTS WERE ASSASSINATED.

**YET, ONLY TWO DAYS EARLIER,
IT HAD ALL SEEMED SO SIMPLE.**

**YOU CAN'T FIGHT CHANGE, VETO.
AND THE COUNTRY IS CHANGING.**

**PLAGUE'S WEARING OFF. SO MANY
NEW DRUGS WE CAN'T CONTROL
THEM. NEW FOOD LINES
ESTABLISHED...**



**IN SHORT, WE ARE ENTERING
NEW TIMES.**



**WE'RE CREATURES THAT
THRIVED IN CERTAIN
CONDITIONS. NOW THOSE
CONDITIONS ARE ALTERING
AND A NEW TYPE OF
CREATURE WILL THRIVE.**

**WE'RE DINOSAURS,
VETO.**



**DINOSAURS RULED
THE PLANET FOR
MILLIONS OF YEARS,
DUTCH.**

**NOW THEY DON'T RULE CRAP.
BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T ADAPT.
POLITICS AND BIG BUSINESS.
THAT'S THE NEW AGE.**

**POLITICS AND...
JESUS, VETO, THAT'S A
LONG WAY DOWN.**



**GANGS ARE HUMAN NATURE.
POLITICS AND BUSINESS USE
DIFFERENT PROCEDURES,
BUT IT STILL COMES
DOWN TO GANGS...**



**SO WE ADAPT TO THEIR
PROCEDURES OR WE'RE
EXTINCT. IT'S INEVITABLE,
VETO. IT'S... WELL, AT
THE RISK OF SOUNDING
PRETENTIOUS...**



THEY SAY GOD GAVE MAN FREE WILL, AND IN HIS LOVE FOR MAN, GOD DENIED HIMSELF FOREKNOWLEDGE, FOR WHAT IS FORESEEN IS PREDESTINED, AND WHERE THERE IS PREDESTINATION THERE IS NO FREEDOM OF WILL.

I'VE ALWAYS FOUND THAT HARD TO SWALLOW, BUT MAYBE IT'S TRUE.

OKAY, DUTCH, ARRANGE A MEETING WITH THE MAJOR PRESIDENTS. LET'S HEAR THEIR CONDITIONS.

GOOD. YOU WON'T REGRET THIS, VETO.

MAYBE OLD GOD DID GIVE MAN FREE WILL...

BUT MAYBE HE JUST CAN'T RESIST PEEPIING NOW AND THEN.

THWACK

THUDD

VETO SKREEMER'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE SANG WITH THE MASHING OF MARROW.

NONCHALANT BUTCHERS RUMMAGED THROUGH BRAINS AND OFFAL LIKE MAD SURGEONS.

IT WAS THIRTY EIGHT AFTER THE FALL.

THE PRESIDENTS WERE BIG MEAT EATERS, EVEN AT THE MOST IMPORTANT SUMMIT OF THE AGE: ESPECIALLY SINCE DECENT MEAT WAS SO SCARCE...

JESUS, NO ONE GETS MEAT LIKE THE SKREEMER. NO ONE!

MAYBE HE'S GOT GENETIC SCIENTISTS ON THE PAYROLL, CREATING HUGE FRIGGIN' COWS!

MUST BE EIGHTEEN YEARS, DUTCH. YOU'VE AGED. REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS JUST THE THREE OF US? THE GREAT VETO SKREEMER AND HIS SHADOWS, DUTCH AND VICKY...

WHERE IS HE, DUTCH?

HE'LL BE HERE. HE KNOWS HE CAN'T FIGHT CHANGE.

WE'VE BEEN ON OPPOSITE SIDES TOO LONG, VICKY.



AT 3:00 P.M. PRECISELY, SKREEMER'S FAMOUS MEAT EXPLODED.

THERE WAS STILL SOMETHING THOROUGHLY AMERICAN ABOUT A STEAK.

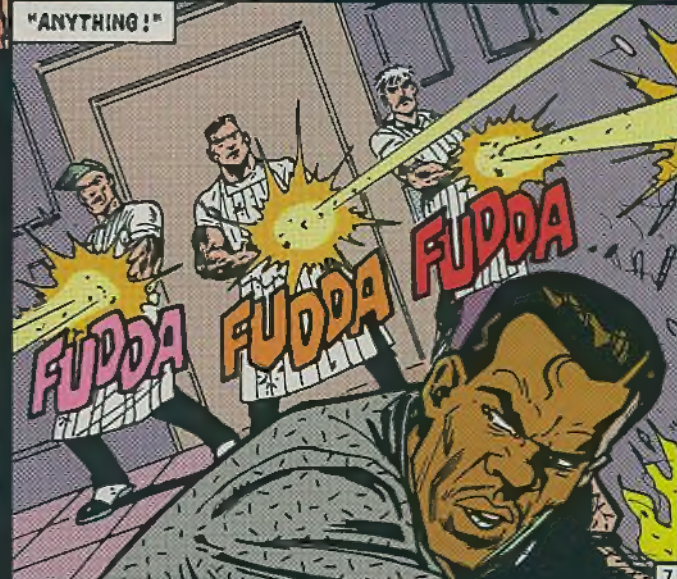


DUTCH - YOU BASTARD! A SET UP! YOU AND VETO...

THE MEAT!

VICKY...! DIDN'T KNOW...

"ANYTHING!"





3:00 P.M. THEY'LL BE DYING OF DYSPEPSIA RIGHT NOW. AND ALL IT TOOK WAS A SIMPLE LIQUID EXPLOSIVE.

DOES... DID DUTCH KNOW? ABOUT THE SET UP? ABOUT THE PROJECT?

NO, MACADAM.

"DUTCH DOESN'T KNOW A THING..."

KRASHH!



MAYBE DUTCH AMSTERDAM WOULD HAVE CHOSEN THE BULLET IN THE HEAD, IF HE'D KNOWN... WHAT WAS WAITING...

GET IN, AMSTERDAM.

TAKE IT EASY, PRESIDENT RICHTER. WE WANT THIS SHIT ALIVE.



BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN. I MUST REMEMBER. WHAT IS FORESEEN...

THE PROJECT, MACADAM, IS EVERYTHING READY?

YEP! YOU GAVE ME TEN YEARS TO GET READY FOR THIS DAY. TO GET IT PERFECT. NOT TOO MUCH, NOT TOO LITTLE.



... IS PREDESTINED...

VIC...gag...CAN'T YOU... HELP ME...VIC...FOR TH' OLD DAYS...

THIS IS TOO BIG, DUTCH. VETO IS GOING TO FIGHT CHANGE. HIS FIRST MOVE WAS TO ASSASSINATE AS MANY PRESIDENTS AS POSSIBLE.

WE THINK YOU KNOW WHAT HIS SECOND MOVE WILL BE.

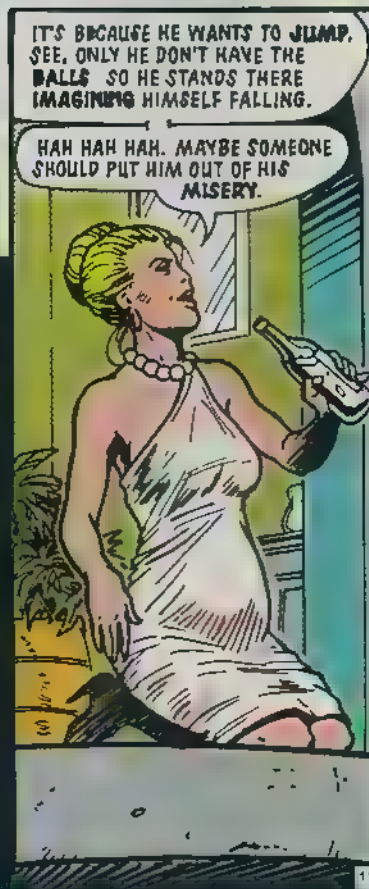
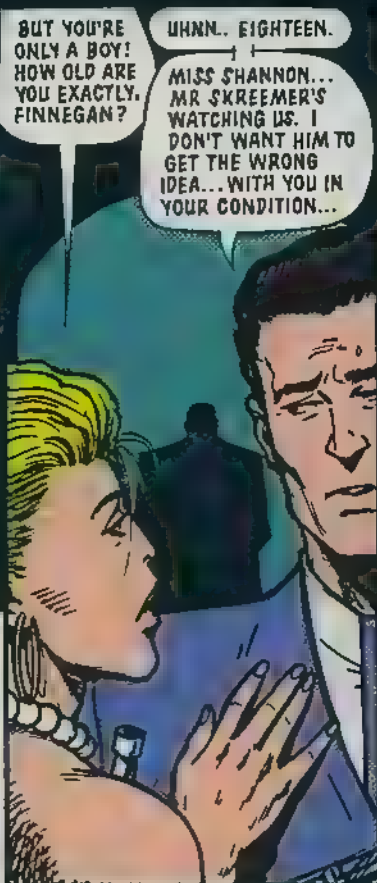






"NOT NEARLY GOOD ENOUGH"





"AND GIVE HIM A PUSH."

WE'VE ACCOUNTED FOR FIFTEEN PRES DENTS. VICTORIA CRANDLER'S NOT AMONG THEM. NO SIGN OF DUTCH. THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT HIM

LUCKY YOU DIDN'T TELL HIM ANYTHING VETO THEY'LL BE WORKING ON HIM NOW

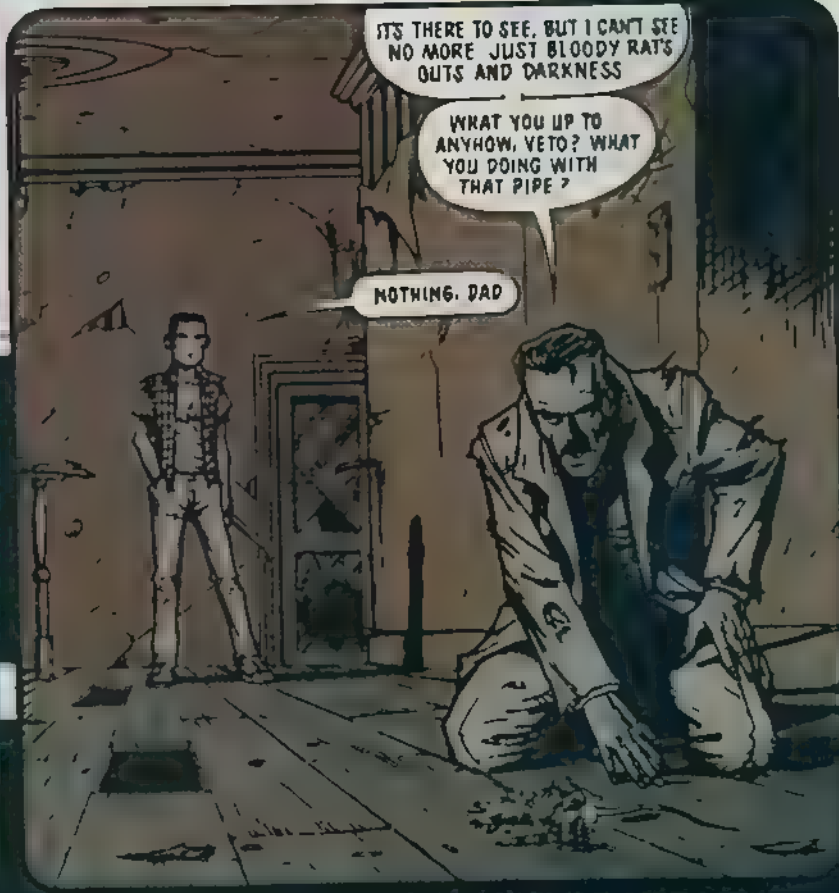


VETO?

VETO, YOU ALL RIGHT?



"VETO! QUIT DAYDREAMING AND GET AWAY FROM THAT EDGE!"



IT'S THERE TO SEE, BUT I CAN'T SEE NO MORE JUST BLOODY RAT'S OUTS AND DARKNESS

WHAT YOU UP TO ANYHOW, VETO? WHAT YOU DOING WITH THAT PIPE?

NOTHING, DAD

"NOTHING, DAD" ALWAYS NOTHING
WITH YOU, BOY AIN'T WORTH
NOTHING TO ME, ANYHOW JUST
A WEIGHT ROUND MY NECK

YOU LISTENING, MR NOTHING?



IT WAS NINE YEARS AFTER
THE FALL...



AND VETO, TOO, WAS NINE YEARS OLD,
SHARING A BIRTHDAY WITH AN AGE

BORN AS WILD THUNDER DROWNED
HIS MOTHER'S AGONY



MY OWN MOTHER WAS NOT YET BORN,
BUT I IMAGINE THE WORLD WAITING
FOR HER

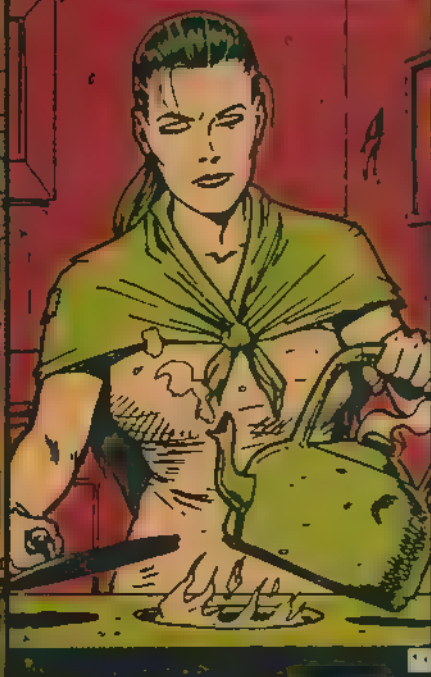
I IMAGINE A WORLD OF SALLOW
BUILDINGS AND SALLOW
COMPLEXIONS, OF STEAMY
SMELLS DRIFTING THROUGH
OPEN WINDOWS...

OF SICKNESS AND HUNGER, AND
THE STRUGGLE TO LIVE ANOTHER
DAY



AS WE RE-CREATE THE PAST WE BECOME A
KIND OF GOD, BREATHING LIFE INTO DUST,
AND LIKE GOD WE MUST DENY OURSELVES
FOREKNOWLEDGE

THE WORLD WAS NOT REALLY
WAITING FOR MY MOTHER



MY GRANDFATHER, THOUGH, WAS WAITING FOR HIS TEA, IN THE DAMP TWO-ROOM APARTMENT HE SHARED WITH HIS WIFE AND FOUR CHILDREN

I'M LATE ALREADY, KARLA. CASEY SAYS HE'LL HAVE TO BE LETTING SOME PEOPLE GO, SO I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO HIS BAD BOOKS.

HE KNOWS YOU'RE THE BEST MAN HE'S GOT. CHARLIE DRINK YOUR TEA



AND DON'T FORGET TO KISS KATIE. SHE'S BAD AGAIN. IT'S THE THROAT

MY GRANDFATHER HAD BLUE EYES. SOMETIMES THEY WERE BLUER THAN THE BLUEST SKY, SOMETIMES GREY AS THE OCEAN HE'D CROSSED IN HIS YOUTH FROM IRELAND

THERE WAS A FUNERAL FOR MRS STAPLETON THIS MORNING, KARLA



HIS NAME WAS CHARLES FINNEGAN. HE LIKED HIS NAME

MRS STAPLETON? AH, SHE'S NOT DEAD TOO, IS SHE?

WELL, IT SEEMS SOMEONE'S TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF BURYING HER

I'LL SEE IF I CAN BRING SOMETHING HOME FOR KATE.



HE LIKED THE FACT THAT HE SHARED HIS NAME WITH A BOOK CALLED FINNEGAN'S WAKE THAT HAD NO REAL BEGINNING OR END AND THAT MOST PEOPLE COULDN'T MAKE HEAD NOR TAIL OF

IF HE HAD A PHILOSOPHY IT WAS THAT LIFE WAS LIKE THAT. IT WENT ROUND IN CIRCLES AND WAS FAR TOO COMPLICATED TO UNDERSTAND. "LEAVE THAT STUFF TO GOD AND JAMES JOYCE," HE'D SAY.

GOOD CROWD, MR CASEY

MAYBE SO, CHARLIE. BUT MOST OF THEM ARE JUST HERE TO KEEP WARM.

DAMN BOOZE EVAPORATES QUICKER THAN THESE GUYS DRINK IT.





DON'T GET BEHIND THE BAR, CHARLIE. GOT A SPECIAL JOB. A DELIVERY. YOU STILL DRIVE?

DRIVE? YOU MEAN A CAR? SURE.



TAKE IT TO THE WHYTE HOUSE. IT'S BOOZE AND STUFF.

WHYTE HOUSE? YOU MEAN THE WHOREHOUSE?

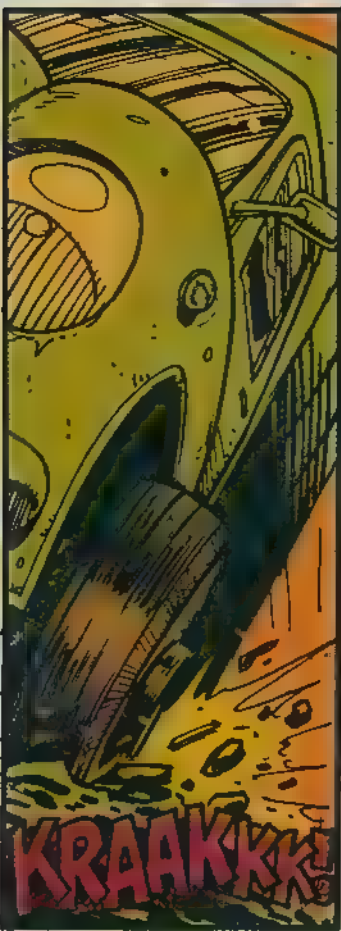
WE'VE GOT TO SURVIVE SOMEHOW, CHARLIE. TAKE THIS. JUST IN CASE.



THE BOOK OF HIS NAME WAS BASED ON AN OLD DRINKING SONG CALLED FINNEGAN'S WAKE, AND CHARLIE TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN KNOWING ALL THE WORDS.

"MICKEY MALONEY RAISED HIS HEAD, WHEN A GALLON OF WHISKY FLEW AT HIM..."

"IT MISSED AND FALLING ON THE BED, THE LIQUOR SCATTERED ALL OVER FINNEGAN..."

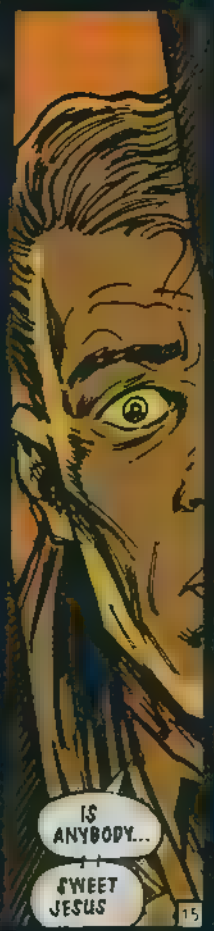


HE GOT OUT TO LOOK AT THE WHEEL. AND THEN HE HEARD IT. FROM THE BACK OF THE TRUCK SOFT...

SOFT LIKE LITTLE KATIE'S MUFFLED SLEEPY SOBBING.

hmmmm...
hmmmm...
mmm...

HELLO?
HELLO, THERE...



IS ANYBODY...

SWEET JESUS



BACK SO SOON, FINNEGAN? WHAT IN HELL...?



YOU WHORE'S BASTARD. YOU KNEW. DIDN'T YOU?

GMPHHH

NOT BOOZE. GIRLS. CHILDREN. STOLEN FROM PARENTS AND DRAGGED OFF STREETS, TO PLEASE THOSE GREASY, POX-RIDDEN...

CHARLIE! I HAD NO CHOICE! 'LESS I DO WHAT WHYTE SAYS HE'LL FINISH ME KILL ME...

WH-WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE OTHER GIRLS?

I LET 'EM GO. CASEY.

LOOK AT HER. NO OLDER THAN MY KATE NINE AT MOST THIS WAS YOUR CHOICE?

YOU'RE A FOOL. FINNEGAN. YOU'VE LOST YOUR JOB. VANISH. MOVE TO ANOTHER AREA BEFORE WHYTE FINDS YOU

HE WAS EXPECTING THOSE GIRLS...

AH, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, CHARLIE. THESE ARE BAD TIMES. THEY MAKE US ALL BAD. NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT

YOU'D BETTER BE MOVING

MOVING WAS IN MY GRANDFATHER'S BLOOD
HIS PEOPLE HAD FLED INVADERS, FAMINE AND
POVERTY FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS. THEY
LOADED THE SCRAPS OF THEIR LIVES ONTO A
CART

BUT, CHARLIE,
WHAT'LL WE DO?
KATE'S HARDLY FIT
TO MOVE, AND WE'VE
NO FOOD TO SPEAK
OF.

DON'T YOU
WORRY, GIRL
I'VE GOT PLANS
WE WON'T LET
THE BASTARDS
BEAT US.

AND THEY MOVED

VETO!
GIVE US
A HAND
HERE

HEH HEH, DID WELL
TODAY. THAT LAST ONE
YOU FOUND HALF
DEAD IN THE ALLEY
WAS LOADED...

WHERE'RE YOU
GOING, VETO?
YOU SEEN
SOMETHING?

WEIRD
LITTLE
RUNT...

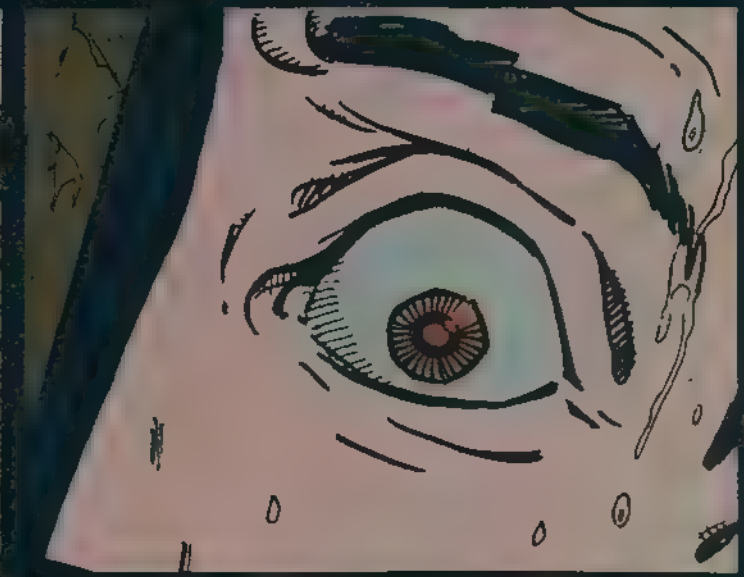
H-HUH?

UHH... HI THERE,
PAL. YOU .

Y-YOU WANT
A DRINK OR
SOMETHING?

THAT'S RIGHT.
TAKE THE LOT.
IT'S YOURS

WELL, GUESS
I'LL BE GETTING
ALONG NOW.
NICE MEETING
YOU.



I CAN SEE YOU, BOY

I CAN SEE HIM I'VE
WATCHED HIM NOW
HE WALKS TOWARDS
ME

HE WALKS SLOWLY, WIPING SPIT
FROM HIS LIPS WITH HIS CUFF.

I WALK SLOWLY. SLOWLY DOWN
A BARE CORRIDOR. I SMELL
URINE ON THE WALLS THE
FLOORBOARDS SIGH UNDER
MY FEET

"I FEEL AN ACHES IN THE PIT OF MY GUTS
AS THOUGH I'M GOING TO WET MYSELF..."

NO USE RUNNING, BOY HEH HEH

NO USE AT ALL. WE'RE GONNA
HAVE SOME FUN. HEH HEH

"BUT I'M NOT RUNNING

HEY YOU'RE A PRETTY LITTLE
BOY NICE SOFT SKIN. I BET LIKE
A GIRL'S.

YOU SEE WHAT I DID
TO YOUR OLD ..

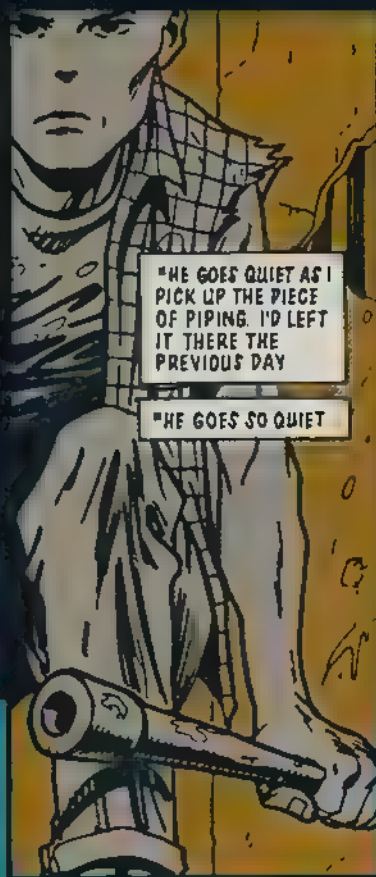
"I'M WAITING.

"AS WERE THE TWO RAT
TRAPS. BENEATH THE
ROTTEN FLOORBOARDS"

THWAANG THWAANG

CHRIST! STINKING
LITTLE. YOU
WERE READY
FOR ME.

DON'T JUST STAND
THERE GODDAMN THINGS
EATING THROUGH
MY LEGS!



"HE GOES QUIET AS I
PICK UP THE PIECE
OF PIPING. I'D LEFT
IT THERE THE
PREVIOUS DAY

"HE GOES SO QUIET

"AND HE LOOKS SO STUPID, WITH
HIS LEGS ALL TWISTED UP AND
BLEEDING. AND WITH HIS STUPID
GRIN..."

AW. COME ON, KID.
YOU CAN'T DO THAT YOU AIN'T
GOT THE BALLS.



"I'D NEVER KILLED A MAN BEFORE
BUT IT WAS EASY ONCE YOU'VE
KILLED A WOMAN. YOU CAN KILL A
MAN.

"I SEE THE SHADOW ON THE WALL AS
I LIFT THE PIPE "



EVERY TIME I LIFT IT AND BRING IT
DOWN, THE SHADOW SEEMS
SUBTLY DIFFERENT.

I LOSE TRACK
OF TIME OF HOW
OFTEN I'VE
LIFTED MY
ARM ...



"LATER I LOOK
AT MY FATHER

"I LOOK AT THE SHAPES
AND PATTERNS, THE
SPLASHES AND STAINS

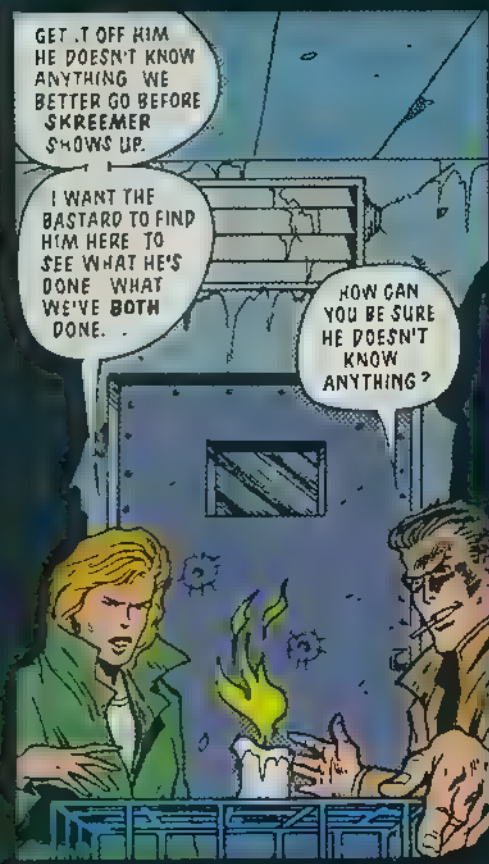
"AS THE LIGHT
SLOWLY CHANGES "



SOON I STOP SEEING MY FATHER IT'S
JUST MORE SHAPES, MAKING MORE
PATTERNS, CASTING MORE SHADOWS.

LONG SHADOWS LIKE HIEROGLYPHICS
DARK HIS FACE GET IT OFF HIM
HE DOESN'T.





GET IT OFF HIM
HE DOESN'T KNOW
ANYTHING WE
BETTER GO BEFORE
SKREEMER
SHOWS UP.

I WANT THE
BASTARD TO FIND
HIM HERE TO
SEE WHAT HE'S
DONE WHAT
WE'VE BOTH
DONE.

HOW CAN
YOU BE SURE
HE DOESN'T
KNOW
ANYTHING?



I'VE KNOWN DUTCH AMSTERDAM
SINCE I WAS SIX, RICHTER

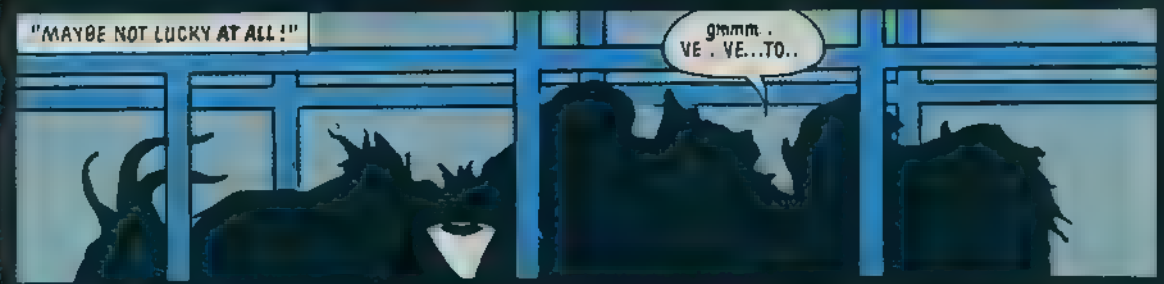
NOW GET IT OFF HIM,
OR I'LL KILL YOU



TOUCHEE

YOU'RE LUCKY,
DUTCH, REAL ..

OHMM MAYBE NOT
SO LUCKY



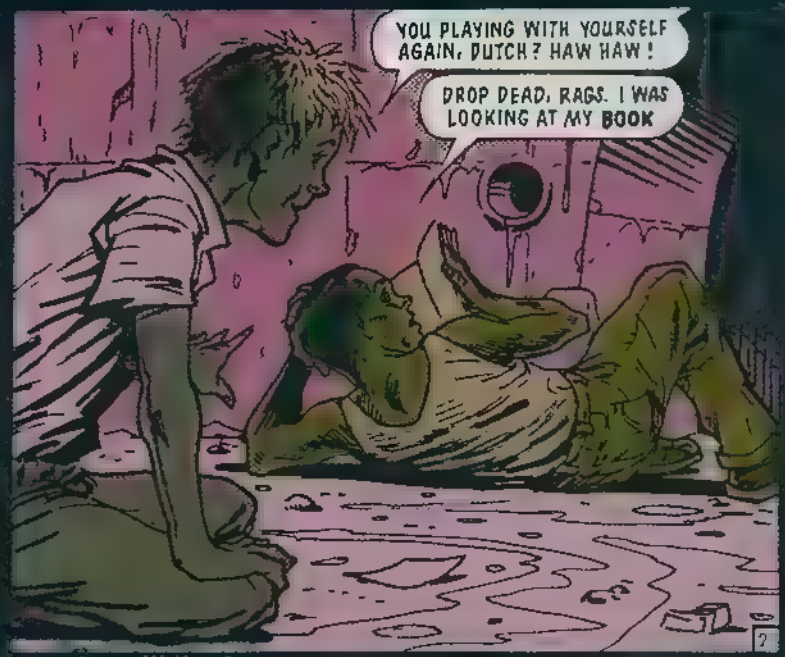
"MAYBE NOT LUCKY AT ALL!"

ghmm ..
VE .. VE...TO..



DUTCH ..

HEY DUTCHY.



YOU PLAYING WITH YOURSELF
AGAIN, DUTCH? HAW HAW!

DROP DEAD, RAGS. I WAS
LOOKING AT MY BOOK



NINE AFTER THE FALL

HEY, LAY
OFF HIM,
RAGS

AN DUTCH CAN'T
REALLY READ BONTA
HE JUST TRIES TO
IMPRESS HIS DARLING
VICTORIA!

ALICE N. PRENNOW ANT THAT
ABOUT LITTLE GIRLS AND FAIRIES
AND THAT CRAP?

JOKING MAN IT'S A
HORROR STORY ABOUT
THIS KID THAT GETS
DRAGGED DOWN A
DARK HOLE BY A
MONSTER...

A MONSTER? AHH
YOU'RE MAKING IT UP! MONSTER DUTCH?

HMM? WELL, IT CHANGES SHAPE.
YOU KNOW ONE MINUTE IT'S
THIS BIG WHITE PSYCHO WITH
TEETH, THEN A CRAZY OLD
BROAD WHO CUTS OFF HEADS

DON'T BE SO FRIGGIN DUMB RAGS
IF YOU MUST KNOW THE BOOKS
CALLED ALICE IN WONDERLAND

HEY, MAYBE YOU COULD
READ ME A LITTLE DUTCH?
BUT JUST PICK OUT THE
NASTY BITS, HUH?

LATER, RAGS,
THINK WE'VE GOT
A LIVE ONE

H, VICKY
WHAT'S UP?

A DRUNK ON THE STREET
LOOKS LOST LOOKS
RICH

ANY KINDA
DRUNK

LOOK AT HIM. PICKED UP HIS HAT AND LOOK
AT THAT WATCH HE'S JUST BEGGING US
TO TAKE HIM

HE O SHAY COOH
THE SPAR STANGLED
BANNASHET WARE

BOSH!

WASHHH

HE'S OUT
COLD!

WHAT A SHOT. I BET YOU
DID YOU SEE IT? HEY DID YOU
SEE IT DUTCH?

YEAH YEAH VERY IMPRESSIVE
RASS

WHAT'S HE CARRYING
IN HIS?

PLENTY TOBACCO.
CHOCOLATE
A KNIFE

AND A WATCH
IT'S GOLD AND
IT'S WORKING!

ASK ME THE
TIME SOMEONE
COME ON ASK
ME

CRASH!



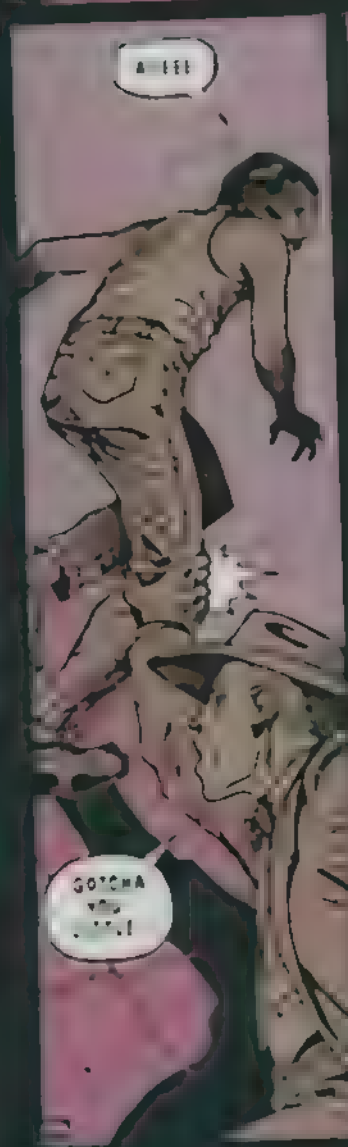
WASS



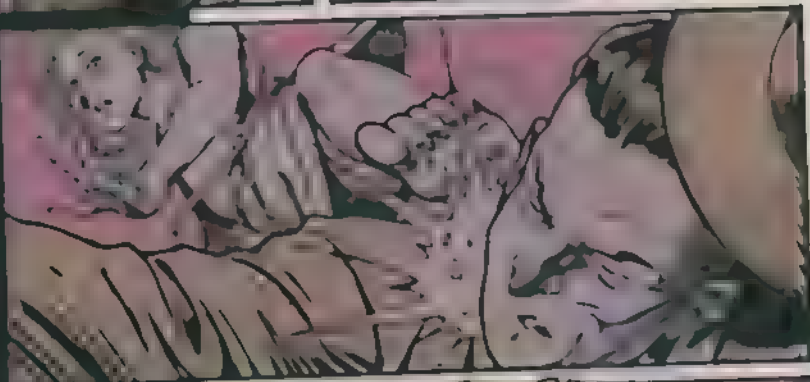
KRAKK
KRAKK

AMBUSH

GO



A-EE



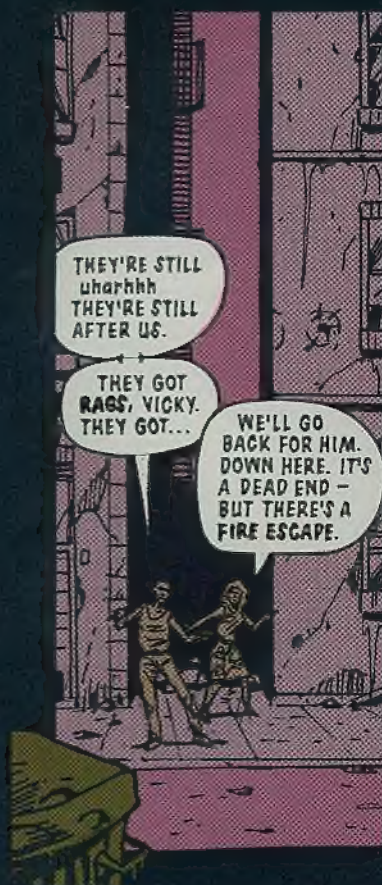
KRAKK KRAK KRAKK

WELL AND THE
HELL ARE THEY

MUST HAVE
THEY HAVE
AND THE
THEY HAVE

THEY HAVE
THEY HAVE
THEY HAVE

GOTCHA
YOU
GUY!



THEY'RE STILL
uharhhh
THEY'RE STILL
AFTER US.

THEY GOT
RAGS, VICKY.
THEY GOT...

WE'LL GO
BACK FOR HIM.
DOWN HERE. IT'S
A DEAD END -
BUT THERE'S A
FIRE ESCAPE.



OH THAT'S
GREAT, VICKY.
THAT'S
REALLY...

DUTCH!
LOOK!



KRAK



MOVE IT, FAT ASS! THEY'RE
GONNA HIT US!

UP YOURS,
CHANDLER...
GOING AS FAST
AS I CAN...



OH...OH GOD...
WE MADE IT...

YEAH.
PULL... PULL
THE ROPE
UP...



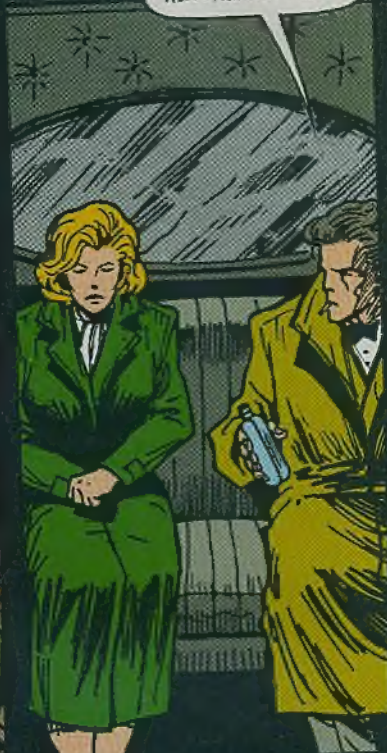
IT'S UP.

DRINK, PRESIDENT CHANDLER?
VICTORIA?

UH UH.

HEY, YOU HEAR SO
MANY RUMORS.
THEY SAY HE'S
INDESTRUCTIBLE, THAT HE
HASN'T LEFT HIS PALACE
FOR YEARS...

WHAT WAS
HE... REALLY LIKE?



THIRTY EIGHT YEARS AFTER THE FALL.

VETO? HE WAS A FUNNY
LITTLE THING. HE WAS LIKE...
A WILD ANIMAL. WITH THOSE
EYES AND THAT PINCHED
LITTLE FACE.

FIRST TIME I
SAW HIM WAS ON A ROOFTOP.
DUTCH AND I CLIMBED UP
THE ROPE AND...



IT DOESN'T MATTER.
IT'S ALL GONE.
A CORPSE.

THIS ISN'T A WAR.

IT'S A WAKE
FOR THE DEAD.



"MICKEY MALONEY RAISED HIS HEAD, WHEN
A GALLON OF WHISKEY FLEW AT HIM..."

I THINK I WILL
HAVE THAT DRINK
NOW, RICHTER.



IT MISSED, AND FALLING ON THE
BED, THE LIQUOR SCATTERED
ALL OVER FINNEGAN...

"OCH, HE REVIVES!
SEE HOW HE RAISES!"

ghmmm
VE...TO...

WH...WHERE
...ARE YOU...
VE...

"AND FINNEGAN, JUMPING
UP FROM BED..."



"SEZ WHIRL YOUR LIQUOR
AROUND LIKE BLAZES..."

"SOULS TO THE DEVIL!..."



"...D'YE THINK
I'M DEAD?"



WALT
SWIND
STEVE
DILLON

NEXT:
THE DROP
OF
THE
CREATUR